Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodies euen to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heauens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeue without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'l seeke him out:
If in his graue he rest, wee'l finde him there,
And be resolu'd, he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his Funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne.
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 THE BODLEIAN LI